Select Miscellany.

"APRILLE."

the walked across the fields, its bound Like some sky, earny lint of spring, And stooping suddenly, she found A violet—a dainty thing. What summed the child light of day Until se set "Aprille" came that way.

washington."
Surprise kept the listener silent for a moment, then after unsuccessfully repeating the invitation to partake of some refreshments, he hastened to call two negroes, with whose assistance he placed the horse on a small raft of timber that was lying near the door, and soon conveyed the general to the opposite side, where he left him to pursue his way to the camp, wishing him a safe and prosperous journey. On his return to the house he found that while he was engaged in making preparations for conveying the horse across the river, his illustrious visitor had persuaded the woman to accept a token of remembrance which the family are proud of exhibiting to this day.

The above is one of the many hazards encountered by this truly great patriot for the purpose of transmitting to posterity the treasures we now enjoy. Let us acknowledge the benefits received, by our endeavors to preserve them in their purity; and by keeping in remembrance the great source whence these blessings flow, and be enabled to render our names worthy of being enrolled with that of the Father of his Country.

Time is short, and the only thing of which it is a virtue to be coverous.

THE REAL RELATION DETWEEN THE HUMAN ICALLY EXPLAINED.

reter had been from the army if it was only to hear this man talk; I am sure Washington himself could not have said more for his country, nor given a better history of the hardships endured by our brave soliders."

"Who knows now," inquired the wife, but it may be himself, after all, my dear, for they do say he travels just so, all alone, sometimes. Hark't what's that?"

The sound of a voice came from the guest's chamber, who was now engaged in his private religious worship. After thanking the Creator for his many mercies, and saking a bleesing on the inhabitants of the house, he continued, "and now, Almighty Father, if it is thy holy will that we shall obtain a place and name among the nations of the earth grant that we may be enabled to show our gratitude for thy goodness, but only our gratitude for thy goodness, in battle and lot our victories be tempered with humanity. Endow as our enomies with enlightened minds, that they may become sensible of their injuntice and willing to restore our liberty and peace. Grant the petition of thy servant for the sake of him humanity. Endow as our enomies with enlightened minds, that they may become sensible of their injuntice and willing to restore our liberty and peace. Grant the petition of thy servant for the sake of him humanity. Endow as down of the sake of him to cross the river immediately, at its same time offering a part of his purse as a compensation for the attention which he had received, which was refused.

"Well, sir," concluded he, "sluce you will not permit me to recompense you for your trouble, it is but just that I should in form you on whom you have conferred so many obligations and also to add to them by requesting your assistance in crossing the river. I had been out yesterday endeavoring to obtain some information respecting our enemy, and being alone ventured too far from our camp; on my return, I was surprised by a foraging party, and only escaped by my knowledge of the roads and the field of the properity of the doctors as above exhault of the pro

These are some of the real and scientifi These are some of the real and scientific facts regarding rheumatism, attested by the highest authority and they are, beyond question, the only correct ones ever brought forth. We are aware they are advanced ideas, but ten years hence they will be the accepted belief and practice of the world. If people suffer from rheumatic troubles in the future and with these plain truths before them, they certainly can blame no one but themselves.

Hew Advertisements.

FATHER KEMP



The same brand that I have been selling for the past six months, and, having had such success in their sale, I shall keep the same line this season. Any lady who thinks of purchasing a silk dress should not fail to call and examine these goods. Prices—\$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75 and \$2.00.

NEW SPANISH LACE FICHUS! NEW SPANISH LACE TIES! at 50 cents, 75 cents, \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75 up to \$5.00. Also a new line of Ribbons, in plain, shaded and watered.

Spring Cloakings in the New Mixtures!

A large line of Prints—and they are very handsome—from 5 to 6 1-4 cents. The COTTON GOODS department is full and running over. I am also agent for

E. Butterick & Co.'s Fashion Patterns!

The most popular Patterns now in use. Ladies sending their address, and twelve cents to pay postage, will receive every month for one year the Metropolitan Fashion Sheets, thus giving one the opportunity to see new patterns as soon as issued. Those wishing to begin with the April number will please send me their address and subscription at once.

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With Velvets, Satins, Brocades, Gimps and Fringes for trimmings, Choice Ginghams, Percales, Cambrics and Prints, with accom-panying Edges, Embroideries and Borders.

SHAWLS, SUITINGS, AND CLOTHS FOR WRAPS!

Cemperance.

KNOCK OUT THE BUNG You "alop the bap," but what of that! The poleon is all there; We would not have the Byour found. If looked for anywhere.

For widows' hearts, and orphass' too,

With ageny are wrong, secure the barrel still is full. What then Knock out the bong.

If only now " you stop the tap," And keep the posson to. You harbor danger still for man By beauting them to sin.

The surpoint is but eased within, And non are often stong, Recause you did not kill the for By knocking out the bung. Knock out the bung, duch in the local And let the vile stuff flow; Don't keep it where it may again Bring west-fieldiess and woe.

Death to the monator | be the cry fin every business torque; For leasts will blend on every side TRI you kneek out the bong.

You "stop the tap" by licensing. To deal in biguid fice;

The Righteons Man's Little.

The Righteous Man's Little.

"A little that a righteous man hath is better than the riches of many wicked," says the Psalmist; and we were strikingly reminded of the declaration as Tom Collins was giving us a hasty recital of his experience not long ago.

Collins is an Irishman with a broad accent but native shrewdness. He came to this country in '63, and went directly into the army. He had been brought up in the Protestant faith and by God fearing parents, but had never been converted. Still he lived a correct life, for, as he expressed it, he had been "started right and went of himself."

In the army he contracted habits of intemperance. Having no principle to the contrary, when invited by his comrades he drank, and, as usual, a love for whiskey was developed, and the appetite, gaining strength with every indulgence, soon became his master.

master.

He came to his family in Jersey a confirmed drunkard; and then, that he might have greater facilities for indulgence in drink, moved them to New York. Here his course was rapidly downward. He had a good wife. Though not a Christian, she was a sensible, kindly woman, and, while grieved in spirit at the wreck of her husband's manhood, she stood by him and bore and endured and toiled as a drunkard's wife alone has to do. He at first found business with liberal pay, but the Bible was rut, as the Bible exand toiled as a drunkard's wife alone has to do. He at first found business with liberal pay, but the Bible was put, as the Bible expresses it, "into a bag with holes," and did them no good. All he earned, literally all, went to the dram-shop, and poor Mary had to earn the little on which she and her children subsisted by the labor of her own hands. Their home was a sight to be seen. No carjets, chairs, tables, bedsteads could stay in it, he broke them to bits in his drunken fury, or pawned them for liquor. And the one room, to which they were finally reduced, was as bare of comfort as a barn or a dog kennel; and, as a necessary consequence of his excesses, he lost his situation, and became a wretched, drunken tramp.

But an angel of mercy passed that way in the person of a Christian woman. Looking for Sunday scholars, she fell in with this shattered home and wrecked man. Her sympathies were enlisted. She labored and prayed with the poor imetriate, while she helped the suffering wife and children, and was richly repaid when one day, as they knelt in prayer, Thomas declared: 'Il is enough; I will come to Jesus and be made whole." And the angels in heaven rejoiced over the repentant sinner.

From that morning the course of the household was upward. By degrees they crept back to comfort and plenty. Tears were exchanged for gladness, and the voice of prayer was heard where before vile and angry oaths had pierced the air. Mary, too, accepted the Savlour, and husband and wife sang together the song of redeeming grace and undying love.

It was at the end of five years that we, who had just come to know the family, were invited up the four flights of stairs to

It was at the end of five years that we, who had just come to know the family, were invited up the four flights of stairs to the upper floor of a tenement-house to see what a "nice Christian home" they had. A small, comfortable suite of rooms they rented—a parlor, kitchen, and two bedrooms. The parlor, with its neat carpet and comfortgiving stove, furnished with a pretty set of furniture, an organ, curtains and pictures; the well attired bedrooms; and the kitchen, with its tea-table spread with the nicest of bread, fruit and cake, indicated taste and refinement, as well as abundant means. the well stirled bedrooms; and the kitchen, with its lea-table spread with the nucest of bread, fruit and cake, indicated taste and refinement, as well as atundant means.

"Do you see how confortable we are?" asked the proud, happy, grateful man. "I want to show you how much farther my ten dollars a week go than the forty I used to get; for every cent tells now in solid good. I am not as strong and able to work as I once was," he continued; "those years of drunkenness almost killed me. I can only earn as much in a month as I used to earn every week, and my little daughter here earns a little. But we have plenty for food and clothing and to keep up our house-furnishing. Mary and I reckoned the other evening how much the things round here were all worth, and we counted up more than five hundred dollars, and everything paid for. That's five hundred dollars that once would have gone to the rum-seller. Now it is ours; and we like it," he said, with a shake of his head. "I haven't saved much for a rainy day yet, but I've begun. Let me tell you about it. You used to talk to us about giving up tobacco, and I resisted it. By the help of the Lord I had given up my whiskey, but I thought there was no harm in tobacco. And I wouldn't go to the mission sometimes because they said so much about it. But one night, not long ago, I heard Jim Regan give his testimony. He said he'd given up his pipe, because he wanted to be all clean before the Lord? Sure the Lord has done enough for you, and it's time now you was thinking about pleasing him? So when I came out I just pitched my tobacco over the fence, and the pipe I smashed when I got home. That week I put a dollar in the savings, the first f ever put in in all my life, but it wasn't the last. A dollar, and more too, has gone in every week since, and I'm clean now. My bread and butter and coffee and meat taste ten times sweeter and better than they used to; and when I ask a blessing on our food as we sit down to the table, I thank the Lord that he's taken away the taste for bad t

Teach the Boys About It.

At home and at school the boys should be taught the natural effect of alcohol upon the processes of human life. They should be taught that it can add nothing whatever to the vital forces, or to the vital tissues—that it never enters into the elements of structure. They should be taught that it disturbs the operation of the brain, and that the mind can get no help from it which is to be relied upon. They should be taught that alcohol inflames the baser passions, and debases the feelings. They should be taught that an appetite for drink is certainly formed in those who use it, which destroys the health, injures the character, and, in millions of instances, becomes runous to fortunes and to all the high interests of the soul. They should be taught that crime and pauperism are directly caused by alcohol. So long as \$1400,000 are daily spent for drink in England, and probably \$2,000,000 per day in the United States, leaving little else to show for its cost but diseased slomachs, degraded homes, destroyed industry, increased pauperism, aggravated crime. The boys should understand the facts about alcohol, and be able to act upon them in their earliest responsible conduct.

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Coughs, Colds, Whooping-Cough and all Lung Diseases,

Price 35c., 50c. and \$1.00 per Bottle

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Because over 5000 physicians and druggists have voluntarily testified that they are superior to all other phasters or medicines for external ass.

shor plasters or medicines for external use.

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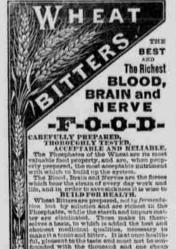
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Will give immediate rollef. Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Diseases of

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Sick Headache will find rel PURIFY THE BLOOD. Price 25 cts. per bottle.



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"MOSTON, Goodber 19, 1250.

Lake Commissioner of Pakents." "HOSTOR, October 19, 1270.

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ROSES 6 splen hd varieties, your choice, at tableted for \$1; (2 for \$2; 10 for \$2; 20 for \$4; 35 for \$5; 75 for \$101 too for \$12, Our NEW CUIDE, THE DINGER & CONARD CO.

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BEST DYEING AND CLEANSING.

FRENCH DYE HOUSE,

Mor the Doung.

KIND WORDS ARE BEST Oh, speak and worth, my boy and girl. As through the world yes go. Let Kindly doese beside year path

Yes, speak kind words, my boy and git Perfoaps on easy not know. The good mer toring words may do. To those who need them m. But \$d at \$10 know, and savety he, in his good time and way. Will hopelly sepay.

So, speak that words, my boy and gri, Too brief a thoman life. The weaks the hours as they go by In discord and in strife. Give one and all a bring word. Jost put files to the last, had you will find in every place, Kind words are every best.

News for the Little People.

Seals FOND OF MUSIC.

Seals are very fond of music. A writer, who used to live in the Hebrides, says that he could call a half-dozan seals by blowing upon a common fife. In walking along the shore, in the calm of a summer afternoon, a few notes of his flute would bring a number of the animals within thirty yards of him. They would swim about with their heads above water, like so many black dogs, evidently delighted with the sounds.

dently delighted with the sounds.

SOUND IN THE ABCTIC REGIONS.

In the Arctic regions sound goes a great deal further than in warm countries. A pistol fired by Baron Wrangel near some cliffs on the river Lena, in Wrangel Land, was echoed and re-schood a hundred times. During the visit of the ship Corwin to the same place, last spring, a little boat-swain, with a squeaky voice, was heard giving orders two miles away. When persons were half a mile apart, they could converse in their ordinary tones.

their ordinary tones.

A MINIATURE RAILROAD.

Mr. P. S. Hewes, a farmer, who lives in Doylestown Township, Bucks County, Pennsylvania, has constructed on his place a miniature railroad. It is about one hundred and fifty yards long, and the ties and rails are of wood. A double track runs a distance of fifty feet, and there are three side tracks, seven switch-posts, three turnables, a depot, six locomotives and sixteem cars. The locomotives average thirty pounds in weight and the cars ten pounds. On oleasant evenings the neighbors are amused by seeing the road in operation.

AN APPECTIONATE MOTHER.

AN APPECTIONATE MOTHER.

A gentleman found a nest of young mice not long ago, and put the wee creatures on the ground near by. Pretty soon the mother mouse made her apparance, and carried one of her little ones to a place of safety. Then, to see what she would do, the gentleman took up the others in his hand. When the mother came back and found her babies gone, she seemed to hesitate a moment, and then, seeing where they were, ran up the gentleman's clothes, and took another of her little mousies to where the other had been left. This was repeated until the entire family was carried off. Was not that a good deal for a timid little mousementer to do? AN APPECTIONATE MOTHER

mother to do?

A CURIOUS STORY.

Law-breakers always come to evil in the end. In Great Britain there is a law under which certain officers mark a line on a vessel's hull to show how deep in the water she may be loaded. On one occasion a captain wanted to carry a greater load than the 1sw sillowed. He took a lantern and a paint-brush one night, and moved the regular "load line" up several inches. The officers who inspected the load thought that it was all right, as they could trace the line along the edge of the water. So far, the captain's trick was successful. He passed out of the Thames, and went to sea, bound for a foregin port. But the vessel never afterward was heart from. She was overloaded, and so foundered in a storm.

THE SHEPHERD DOG.

so foundered in a storm.

THE SHEPHERD DOG.

All our little friends have heard of the shepherd's dog or colle, the best helper the shepherd has. A Scottish shepherd had the care of seven hundred sheep on a high hill of Scotland and one night they all broke away from him, and even the dog could not keep them together. The shepherd spent the whole night in trying to find his lost sheep, but saw nothing of them until after daylight the next morning; then he found the seven hundred, not one sheep missing, collected all together, and the shepherd dog standing guard over them. The dog, like the shepherd, had spent the whole night in search of them. The shepherd had no success, but the dog did everything that needed to be done. Wasn't that a clever dog.

WOODFECKERS AND BEARS.

WOODFECKERS AND BEARS.
The director of the Norwegian telegraph lines tells some curious stories. Woodpeckers, for example, seem to mistike the humming of the wires for the buzzing of insects, ming of the wires for the buzzing of insects, and peck away at the telegraph poles in the hope of finding the hidden buzzers. It sars, too, are deceived into thinking the humming is that of bees, and not seeing any bees on the poles, paw away at the heaps of stones at the base of the poles. At last, when they have palled the stones all away and found no honey, they give a hard pound on the earth with one of their paws, to kill the naughty bees that keep so out of eight. For a long time nobody could find out how the heaps of stones became so scattered; but finally some one noticed the marks of the bears claws where they had struck the sarth in their rage, and the mystery was explained.

Children who have a little money ought to practice saving something. Many boys and girls of to-day hardly know a higher use for any money that comes into their hands than spend it for some foolish thing as quickly as possible. To such, a lesson of self-denial and economy is very important. As go the boy's pennies and dimes, so, very likely will go the man's dollars and hundreds, by and by. Without having the spirit of a miser, the person accustomed to save has more pleasure in laying up than a spendithrift ever knows. The way to keep money is to earn it fairly and honestly. Money so obtained is pretty certain to abide with its possessor. But money that is inherited or that in any way comes in without a fair and just equivalent, is almost certain to go as it came. The young man who begins by saving a few dollars a month, and thriftily increases his store—every coin being a representative of solid work, honestly and manfully done—stands a better chance to spend the last of his life in silluence than he, who in his haste to become rich, obtains money by dashing sreculations of the devious means which abound in the foggy regions which lie between fair dealing and fraud. Let the young make a note of this.

Keeping His Word.

Two young men shared, in one of our large

Two young men shared, in one of our large cities, the same room. One was the grandson of an English duke, and the other the son of an American clergyman. The Englishman's father was a youngest son; and for the youngest sons, even of dukes, there is no especial place even in England. This young scion of a ducal house was over here, accordingly, learning a prosaic business, and struggling with fortune, like any young American. One night he came into his room rather late, and without speaking to his companion, who as he fancied was asleep, went slently to bed. Soon he as silently got up and dressed himself, and went out. He was gone for nearly three hours. The explanation was that he had forgotten to deliver a note which he had promised to lave at a friend's house that night, and remembering this after he went to bed, he got up and it being so late that the horse-cars had ceased to run on that route, he walked the seven miles, put the note under the door of the friend's house that night, and reference in the seven miles, put the note under the door of the friend's house that one of the friend's house that one of the friend's house that the horse-cars had ceased to run on that route, he walked the seven miles, put the note under the door had ceased to run on that route, he walked the seven miles, put the note under the door of his friend, and walked the seven miles back again. Another night he came into his room, and again his room-mate, who had the habit of going to bed early, was in bed. The Englishman turned up the gas, and began to read. His companion turned over sleepily, and said, "I say, John, that may be fun lor you, but it's not quite so nice for me." The young Englishman apologized, and put out the light. Another night, not long after, be came in again, rather late. After a while the sleepy American turned over and saw John with his head and shoulders out of the window, in the cold of a winter night, reading by moonlight. The ders out of the window, in the cold of a winter night, reading by moonlight. The American wanted to see what book it was that could be so absorbing. He got up quietly and looked. It was Baxter's "Saint's Rest." The book was not the Englishman's own choice; but his mother had asked him to read a chapter in it every night before he went to sleep, and it was not his way to let trifles like cold or darkness, make him break his pledge. It may be a romantic feeling—very possibly it is —but we would go far to shake bands with that strong young fellow, who knew so well how to keep his word.—Youth's Cosquance.